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HOW I SERVED MY APPRENTICESHIP AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

(By Frank R. Stockton.)

Serving an apprenticeship to literature, if the first stages of a literary life may be so called, began in my case at an earlier age than that at which any boy or girl should be apprenticed to an ordinary trade. My first literary composition was not strictly original, for it came through a desire to get from some of my favorite authors more than they would give me.

When I began a book that I liked, I did not want the story ever to stop. I remember some volumes by Miss Jane Porter, extraordinarily thick and fat, which delighted me merely to look at, because even the most rapid reader would require a long time to get to the end of such books.

Now, 'Charles O'Malley' was one of my favorite books, but it ended before I was satisfied with the story, and I think my first literary composition of any importance was an addition to this novel. I undertook the extension of the book in company with two young friends, one of whom suggested incidents for the new chapters, and the other drew some startling illustrations.

Only a few chapters of this projected elongation were completed, but in those our favorite hero made his hunter jump some higher fences than those mentioned in the original work, and bound over streams of water much wider than any at which Mr. Lever would have dared to put the horse of one of his heroes. Of course in these new chapters the story was made as much like the original as it was possible, in the case of a small boy who was following an experienced writer; and thus the work had its uses as a piece of practice.

As I grew older, Dumas and Hans Christian Andersen became my favorite authors, and my first literary work which was successful enough to get into print, was a short story of French life written in the closest and most conscientious imitation of Dumas; in fact, had any one mistaken it for a translation from that author, or even from any French writer, I should have considered it the highest praise.

But this piece of work did not please me long. Reading it in print, it occurred to me that there was really nothing in it which any French author who had ever had his work printed would be willing to father; besides, my companions praised it very mildly; it was plainly their opinion that Dumas could have written the story better.

THE PLEASANT COMPANY OF FAIRIES.

I had always a great liking for fairy-tales, especially those of Hans Christian Andersen, and when I came to compose,—and I constructed a great many stories before I wrote any—I was naturally inclined to follow at a very, very great distance, the path of that great master. But it was not long before a book came into my hands, a collection of fairy tales, written by a literary man who was evidently a close student of Andersen, and his stories, although very good indeed, so closely resembled the work of the author of 'The Ugly Duckling,' that I saw very plainly the danger which lies before the earnest student who essays work in his master's line.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

I had determined to write some fairy-tales because my mind was full of them, but when I had finished the book referred to, I resolved that I would never again read a story by Andersen; and from that time to this I have not done so.

I then went to work to write fairy-tales, and in course of time produced several of them which were printed. These were constructed according to my own ideas. I caused the fanciful creatures who inhabit the world of fairy-land to act, so far as it was possible for them to do so, as if they had been inhabitants of the real world. I did not dispense with monsters and enchanters, or talking beasts and birds, but I obliged those creatures to infuse into their extraordinary actions, a certain leaven of common sense.

I think the first encouragement my literary work ever received was given to these early fairy-tales. I belonged at the time to a literary society composed of youths, many of whom possessed high intellectual tastes and ambitions. They read a great deal, generally the English classics, and those who wrote inclined toward poetry. The first use I intended to make of my fairy-tales was to read them before this society, and I did so with [illegible] doubts as to their reception.

I w[illegible] afraid my associates might think that I was treating them as children, and young fellows who really were children a few years before, are generally very jealous on this point. But there was no reason for my fears; the tales were well received, and some of the members of the most advanced stage of thought took occasion to say pleasant things about them.

This was great encouragement; if such young men—in my thoughts I ommitted the adjective—were satisfied with my work, there was no reason why editors should condemn it; I therefore tried an editor, and with success. The stories were printed, but at the same time a demurrer was entered against their being considered legitimate fairy-tales.

Another piece of work which I did about this time, was of an entirely different character. It was not intended for young readers, nor for those older readers who take pleasure in work designed for the young. It was addressed to those who were in love, or who were liable at any time to fall in love, and who would therefore take an interest in lovers, in a story.

But I wanted to make it different from the ordinary love-story; therefore I treated it after a fashion which pleased me, and which was diametrically opposed to the method I had employed in the fairy-tales. Into the incidents and among the characters of real life I introduced an element of fancy, and this so utterly ruined the story for the ordinary editor that it was not until I had sent it to nearly all the magazines in the United States that I succeeded in getting it printed—in the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' of Richmond. This acceptance, though without pecuniary results, was of practical advantage to me, for I was asked to write a short serial for that magazine, which, although the scene was laid in France, was not treated after the manner of Dumas.

For years after that, whenever I have been able to do so, I have continued to write tales, some for young people and some for older people, and in general these were all constructed upon the two lines which I had chosen for my work; one, the world of fancy invaded by the real; the other, the world we live in as seen through spectacles of more or less fantastic colors.

In the course of time I entered the life of journalism, and this, instead of assisting me in my strictly literary work, greatly interfered with it. When I was engaged in affairs which had no connection whatever with literature, composition and writing in my leisure hours were a recreation and a rest; but after a day of work upon a daily newspaper, I had little inclination, even if I had had the strength and the time, for writing stories and tales.

But journalism was an excellent training for my subsequent literary work; I learned much of the me[illegible] ism of composition, and much [illegible] habits, customs and influ[illegible] sphere of intellectua[illegible] may be termed th[illegible] ture.

But time pa[illegible] on from the o[illegible] that of a wee[illegible]

change, and my new position might almost be called the first step in a business-like literary career.

Here I not only did editorial work, but I wrote stories and essays, and such work was greatly stimulated by the feeling that unless some staring fault should appear in them, they would surely be printed. All my associates in the office did editorial work, but they also wrote stories and essays, and this induced a feeling of fellowship which was greatly helpful to me.

More time passed on, and I left the office of the weekly periodical in order to enter that of a monthly magazine. Here the field of literary opportunity opened widely ahead. The magazine offered me the chance of printing work of greater pretension, and possibly of greater value, than that which could be admitted into the crowded columns of a weekly paper; and it was of great advantage to me in giving me a thorough acquaintance with that vast mass of literary production, much of it of excellent quality, which never sees the light of the printed page.

Long-continued reading of manuscripts submitted for publication, which were almost good enough to use, but not quite up to the standard of a magazine, cannot but be of great service to any one who proposes a literary career.

Bad work of course shows us what we ought to avoid, but most of us know, or think we know, what that is, while to the best work access is always open. But the great mass of literary material which is almost good enough to print is not seen except by the editorial reader, and its lesson upon him is lost in a great degree unless he is, or intends to be, a literary worker.

Just before I entered the office of the magazine, I was greatly interested in writing for a comic paper, and for this I composed a Christmas story in which tho elements of the fantastic so permeated the real life of the characters, that the tale was a decided extravaganza. This comic journal died just before the intended appearance of the story, and I was greatly pleased to have the manuscript accepted by the editor of the magazine to which I soon after became attached.

For some humorous stories which I should have liked to write, there had seemed to be no medium at all. Nearly everything which went into a comic paper was required to be terse and short, and I wanted to write humorous stories which should be as long as ordinary magazine tales.

I had previously met with discouragement in this line. The editor of a prominent magazine to which I had sent a humorous story, returned it with no objection except that he could find nothing in the traditions of his periodical which would warrant him in printing matter of that character, and I had come to believe that the traditions of all the magazines would forbid publication of stories strictly humorous. So when I found that a standard magazine was willing to open its pages to such matter, if it were considered good enough, I truly rejoiced.

After this I wrote a number of humorous tales, and published them in the periodical on which I was employed; and in the course of time I collected a series of these short tales, enough to make up a volume, and put them into a continuous form.

As this series had been accepted by my editors, and had been received with a fair amount of favor by the reading public, I felt that there would be no difficulty whatever in finding a publisher willing to issue it in book form. In this I was mistaken. Two publishers informed me that although the stories were very well for a magazine, they did not think enough they liked them people who read for them. It a story suitpublication, and another thing to write one which could be advantageously printed in a volume.

But the third publisher to whom I applied, issued the book, and he found the venture satisfactory; and out of this experience I learned a valuable lesson.

I found that a literary worker during his apprenticeship must learn to serve three masters—his editors, his book publishers and the reading public; and he must also understand that work which may suit one of these masters may not be acceptable to the others, and it must be his aim, therefore, to produce material which shall suit all three, except indeed in the case of those who propose to confine their work either to periodical or book publication.

Of course, no man can truly serve two masters, and it is still more difficult to serve three; but the literary apprentice must learn to do this as well as he can if he expects to succeed as a master workman.

Just when a writer has attained the right to call himself a master workman is very difficult for him or any one else to say, but there generally comes a time—just as his majority comes to an apprentice to a trade—when he must go out into the regular working world as a regular worker, whether he be thoroughly trained in his business or not.

In my case the transition from editorial work, in which I was always obliged to learn something whether I would or not, to the sphere of strictly literary work, where I ought to learn as much as I could, but might learn nothing, was very gr[illegible]. My reading of manuscript [illegible]king up of pages continue[illegible] began to devote the gr[illegible]y time to the writing [illegible]aking of books, but th[illegible] the first became fewer[illegible] last I ceased editorial[illegible]ther, and I suppose it m[illegible] said that I here ended my apprenticeship.

But I find that although the three masters who were formerly my instructors are now my employers, their functions have not greatly changed. They are as exacting as ever, and there is no law of any trades-union which can prevent them from discarding the work of an old worker if it is not as good as that of a young beginner.

This is something, I think, which it would be well for all writers to remember.—'Youth's Companion.

THE BROKEN BARGAIN.

'I have almost seen the world turned upside down in answer to prayer,' said an aged Christian believer. She then related the following incident:

'One day, some fifteen years ago, when the war had made the holding of property somewhat risky, my husband came to me and said, "I have bargained away our place in Jay street. The purchaser was so anxious to seal the bargain that he has given me a hundred dollars to make it sure, although I told him that my word was as good as my bond. We have agreed that whoever breaks the bargain loses the hundred dollars."

'I was surprised,' said the old lady, 'for my husband generally consulted me in such matters.

'"So you have really sold the property, have you," I asked, feeling anxious, for the following reason: A few months before husband had lent out a large sum of money, and was likely to lose it all, and it immediately occurred to me that the sum received for the property in question would be likely to go much the same way.

'In answer to my inquiry my companion said, "Yes, the place is bargained away, and probably to-morrow we will be in together to obtain your signature to the deed."

'I knew husband seldom altered his mind when it was once fixed, but I was so afraid of loss, the previous heavy one being before me.

'The bargain was made and sealed, but God was able to alter it if He chose.

'I went into my room and locked the door, and then laid the case before my Father in heaven. I told Him that He best knew whether it was for our best good to become poor, and related all my fears to Him, and asked His help—would He direct all, and if best prevent the sale?

'There I rested, and my anxiety left me, for I knew if God ruled for us all would be well. I had left it with Him, and waited for His answer.

'I heard nothing more about the sale for the two days following, so on the third day I said to my husband, "Mr. L., your seemingly determined purchaser, has not completed that sale after all, has he?"

'"No," he replied thoughtfully; "there was something singular about the matter; he was so set on obtaining the property on the one day, and on the morrow came to me and said: "Mr. F., I cannot buy your place."

'"Why," I asked, "don't you like it?"

'"Oh, yes, very much. I cannot account for the change of mind, but must draw back from the sale. The hundred dollars is accordingly yours. I will rent your place, though."

'"I answered him that I did not wish to keep his money when I had had nothing for it, and offered to return it."

'"Then keep it on the rent," said he.

'"I immediately agreed to his proposal in regard to the renting of the place, and he is to take possession in a few days."

'We still retain that property that I prayed so earnestly over,' said our aged friend, 'and what seemed strange to husband was clear to me, for I knew God had heard me.'

The word is plain, 'Ask, and it shall be given you.'—'American Messenger.'

C. E. PRAYER MEETING TOPICS AND DAILY READINGS.

GOD, OF MAMMON?

The fleshpots of Egypt. Ex. 16: 1-15.
Lot's choice. Gen. 13: 1-18.
Lot's wife. Gen. 19: 15-26.
Mammon rebuked. Neh. 5: 1-13.
'Touch not.' 2 Cor. 6: 3-18.
Carnally minded—death. Rom. 8: 1-14.

Oct. 11.—God, or Mammon? —Matt. 6: 19-24.
A temperance meeting suggested.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON II.—Oct. 11, 1896.

I Kings 3: 5-15.

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.

Commit to Memory Vs. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.—Psalm 111: 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

Now David was dead and Solomon was king of Israel. He loved the Lord and walked in the ways of his father David, only he offered his sacrifices on the high places, which David did not do. David chose rather to offer his sacrifices where the ark was kept.

Gibeon was the great high place where Solomon made his greatest offerings and where God blessed him more than in any other place. It was here that the tabernacle and the brazen altar were, and here the Lord came to Solomon in a wonderful dream by night. This is what the Lord said to him: 'Ask what I shall give thee.'

Although Solomon was asleep he made a very wise request of the Lord. He asked for wisdom and understanding, so that he might know how to rule the people well. It pleased the Lord that Solomon had not asked a gift for himself, but that he had thought how he could best help and bless others. And so he gave him not only what he asked, but he also gave him riches and honor, so that he should be the greatest of all kings living.

Then Solomon awoke, and he came to Jerusalem and offered up burnt offerings and made a feast to all his servants. How wise was the choice which Solomon made, and how wise we shall be if we make the same choice!—Berean Lesson Book.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. Solomon Choosing Wisdom. Vs. 5-9.
II. The Choice Pleasing to God. Vs. 10-12.
III. Other Blessings Added. Vs. 13-15.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 3: 1-15, Solomon's Wise Choice.
T. Prov. 2: 1-22, The Safety of Wisdom.
W. 2 Tim. 3: 14-4: 8, The Source of Wisdom.
Th. James 1: 1-17, How to Get Wisdom.
F. Prov. 9: 1-12, The Call of Wisdom.
S. Job 28: 12-28, The Fear of the Lord is Wisdom.
S. Prov. 3: 1-18, Wisdom More Precious than Rubies.

Time.—B.C. 1015; Solomon about eighteen years old.

Place.—Gibeon, about six miles north of Jerusalem. Here the old tabernacle remained until Solomon's temple was built.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

David died B.C. 1015, after a reign of forty years. 1 Chron. 29: 26-28. Solomon, who had been associated with him in the kingdom for some months before his death, succeeded him. Very early in his reign Solomon held a great religious festival at Gibeon. There the Lord appeared in a dream and invited him to ask for what he needed. Solomon asked for wisdom to govern his people aright. The Lord was pleased with his choice and granted him not only exceptional wisdom, but also great riches and honor, and promised him long life upon condition of obedience. Beside the Home Readings, read 1 Kings 3: 16-28, and 2 Chron. 1: 1-13.

QUESTIONS.

When did David die? How long had he reigned? Who succeeded him? About how old was Solomon when he became king? For what purpose did he go to Gibeon? How did the Lord appear to him there? What did God say to Solomon? What was Solomon's request? How did the Lord receive it? What did he give to Solomon? What did he promise?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. God wants us to choose what we will live for.
2. Young persons without experience need guidance in life.
3. The best thing we can choose is wisdom from God.
4. God is pleased to give us the good things we ask for.
5. When we choose aright God adds other blessings.—Westminster Question Book.

ILLUSTRATION.

'Ask.' V. 5. 'Why don't you have this road opened and graded?' a land owner said to an alderman, as they met where a new street was much needed. 'Why don't the people petition to have it done?' 'Do you never open and grade streets unless the people ask for it?' 'Very seldom.' God says, 'Ask.'

'What do you do when you feel cross and naughty?' they asked of a little five-year-old girl. 'I shut my lips and my eyes tight and think a little prayer to Jesus to make me feel right,' the sweet child said.

'How are you getting along?' asked a lady of a woman employed to wash an iron. 'Doesn't that look nice?' she responded, pointing to a shirt. 'I never ironed a shirt like that before. I prayed about it all the while that I might do it right.'

Be humble. V. 7. 'Humility is a mark of wisdom and greatness. The purest gold is the most ductile. A good blade bends well.' The highest piety and the deepest humility are ever associated. A celebrated Persian judge, who lived in the reign of Caliph Hadee, one day after a persevering effort to obtain facts relating to a certain case, declared himself incompetent to render a decision. 'Pray,' said a pert courtier, who heard his declaration, 'do you expect that the caliph is to pay you for your ignorance?' 'I do not,' was the quiet answer, 'the caliph pays me well for what I do know. Were he to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice.' Never be ashamed to acknowledge 'I do not know.'

Choose wisely. V. 11. Choice determines character. To each one comes the call, 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' Josh. 24: 15. To every one God says, 'I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing, therefore choose life.' Deut. 30: 19. And he tells us a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and understanding than silver. Prov. 22: 1; 16: 16. Mary was condemned for choosing the good part which should never be taken from her. Lu. 10: 42. A reward awaits those who esteem the reproach of Christ greater than the treasures of the world, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Heb. 11: 25, 26. They who choose wisely are God's chosen ones.—Arnold's Practical Commentary.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There wa'nt any use o' fretting,
And I told Obadiah so,
For ef we couldn't hold on to things,
We'd jest got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that'd suffer
Along with the rest of us;
An' it didn't seem to be worth our while
To make such a dreffle fuss.

To be sure, the barn was most empty,
An' corn an' pertators sca'ce,
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap
But water—an' apple-sass.
But then—as I told Obadiah—
It wan't any use to groan,
For flesh and blood couldn't stan' it; and he
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But laws! ef you'd only heard him,
At any hour of the night,
A-prayin' out in that closet there
'Twould have set you crazy quite,
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was no ways thin,
But it seemed as ef the pieces were wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time he passed;
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrairy
That ef things don't go jest right,
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
An' gittin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I a'n't going to talk about;
An' I didn't even complain to God
Though I think that he found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I druv the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patching his knees.
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
'God knows where his gift descends;
An' 'tisn't always that faith gets down
As far as the fingers-ends.'
An' I would not have any one reckon;
My Obadiah a shirk;
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
And other the gift to work.

—'Harper's Weekly.'

INSTEAD OF A HOT WATER BAG.

An excellent substitute for a hot water bag, specially when needed for the comfort of cold feet in bed, is a large bottle filled with as hot water as the glass will stand, closed with a rubber stopper. A quart bottle will keep warm all night and be a source of great comfort to one having little vitality or poor circulation of the blood. Another convenience is to keep in the house bags made of stout cotton cloth, light weight duck or other tightly woven goods. It is a good plan to make these bags in assorted sizes. Fill them with clean sand. When needed for warming a bed or a sick person, put them in a moderate oven and let them get thoroughly heated. These sand bags will keep an even temperature for a long time. They can be adjusted to an aching back or side, used to pillow a neuralgic face or as a foot warmer.

DISH WASHING.

'I just feel 'called' to say something on this homely subject, for among the many mothers who read 'The Housekeeper,' there may be some like one I know. She is a neighbor of mine, and a good woman, too, but a very poor housekeeper. Some time since her baby was taken sick and, her husband being absent, she sent for me to stay with her a day or two.

After breakfast she told her little girl to 'do up' the dishes. I said that I would wash them. 'Oh, no,' replied she. 'Clara can wash them very well when she wants to but she does hate to.'

I felt sorry for the child, remembering how I, too, disliked dish washing when a child, so while the mother was getting the baby asleep I slipped out in the kitchen to help. I did not blame the poor little girl for being cross when sent into such a kitchen! Everything, it seemed to me, was dirty and out of place. The kettles and skillets were dry and cold, there was no dish pan, and the old rags used for dish cloth and towels were very much soiled.

Well, to make a long story short, I went to work and things were all cleaned up for once.

You may say, 'Oh! well, her baby was sick and she could not keep things in order.'

The child had only been sick a few hours, and then, I have been there so many times when they were all well and it was just the same. They are able to have things handy to use, too.

If you cannot wash things as you empty them, you can pour water in the kettles and place them on the back part of the stove, where they will keep warm until after dinner. If you can not buy toweling for drying dishes, hem flour sacks; they are very good and wash easily. A chain dish cloth or even a clam shell is very useful in cleaning kettles.

Make several thick holders and hang near the stove to save your hands and towels in lifting hot kettles and pans. If a ring off an old suspender is sewn on one corner, the holders are easily and quickly hung up in their places.

Keep plenty of soap to use while washing dishes. Have a good, large dish pan and one of some sort to drain the dishes in.

Have things as convenient as you can and see if your girls don't go to their work with a will.—Jessie Lynch in 'Housekeeper.'

THE MOTHER'S DUTY.

The 'Mother of Three' writes as follows to the 'Congregationalist':—'Speaking from experience, I can only say that mothers of young children surely deserve much consideration in view of the difficulties against which they struggle. I believe that I am a woman of more than average strength, endurance and cheerfulness, and the circumstances of my life are not unusually hard, yet there are times when my courage almost fails in meeting the everyday necessities of life. The truth is that a young mother, to whom children have come rapidly, and who has a young babe dependent upon her, has little reserve strength. In patience and wise self-management lie her only safety. Instead of setting up an arbitrary standard of excellence and driving herself up to it, with bitter self-scourging in case of failure, she should quietly take the measure of her own ability and arrange her work accordingly.

'Any considerate husband would prefer to forego his dessert rather than have his wife come to the table flushed and exhausted. It is better to buy even cheap ready-made clothing for the children than to sew vitality and nervous energy into endless seams and trimmings. It is actually best for baby to be left to the care of clumsy Bridget for an hour while mother gets a breath of the fresh air, which is so essential to his well-being as well as her own; and one hour of companionship with a refreshed and invigorated mamma will be more helpful to the older children than the most unfailing attendance of one who is fagged and spiritless. In brief, I believe I have Mark Hopkins's authority for the paradox that the best mother is the one who takes the best care of herself.'

A BOOK OF QUOTATIONS.

A busy woman has compiled for her own use and gratification a book of quotations, which so far surpasses in cleverness and quantity anything of the kind that I have ever seen, that I was emboldened to ask her how she had managed to make such a collection.

'My dear,' she said, 'that represents the work of years, yet done so gradually that I have never missed the hours spent upon it. From the time that I was a girl I have made a habit of reading with a pencil and note-book at hand, and when anything impresses me as especially clever, I "make a note of it." Even in travelling I always have a tiny pencil and a sheet of paper in the depths of purse or bag. At any time when I have a few moments to spare at my desk, I jot down the matter collected in this great blank-book, and then it is mine forever. Although the books I have read in times past may not belong to me, the best, most pithy sayings in them can never be taken from me. To this volume I often go for amusement, cheer and consolation. It is an old friend, who has something to say to me to fit any mood [illegible] which I may find myself.—'Harper's Bazar.'

HIS MOTHER'S PRAYER CLOSET.

A Christian man who had long been engaged in useful service tells of a visit to his old home. He was put to sleep in the spare room. He opened a closet door, and a scene was before him which brought a rush of tears to his eyes. An old chair stood there, and before it lay a cushion, in which were deep knee-prints. Evidently this was some one's closet of prayer. Instantly the truth flashed upon him. He was looking into the secret sanctuary of his beloved mother, where she had prayed all her children into the kingdom of Christ. What a holy place it was! What would be the result if every Christian home in the world had such a holy of holies, its old chair daily wet with tears of love, and its cushion deeply indented by suppliant knees!—J. R. Miller.

THE GERM CELL.

The germ cell of the nation is the home. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, in 'The North American Review,' writes as follows, concerning the importance of our homes:—'Before all forms of government, all types of civilization, all advance in education, the relations of the husband and wife make the everlasting granite on which the whole world rests. Just so fast and just so far as these relations are what they ought to be, and what God intends they shall be, just so fast and just so far will society be uplifted—no faster, no farther. "How shall we purify public life?" is the great question of the hour. We can purify public life no faster than we purify the private life in the home, for the public life is only the public expression of the private life of a people. The advance of a nation comes only through the improvement of the homes of a nation. As the aggregate of these may be, so will the nation be. For it is in the home, conducted by the harmonious and right-minded husband and wife, that the real harmonizing and civilizing are carried forward.'

The same writer says that a drunken husband and father 'sends out into the world a hideous caricature of the living God in the person of his own child, whose life stretches away farther than our imaginations can follow. It is the most serious and widespread evil of our time, the drunkenness of husbands, alike in high life and low life, and it portends the direst consequences to posterity. The woman who dares marry a libertine or a drunkard, with the hope of reforming him, or the expectation of finding happiness with him, ought to have a chance in a lunatic asylum, or a home for imbeciles.' The time to reform the man is several years before marriage.—'Christian Guardian.'

A STUDY IN SOCIAL ECONOMICS.

(By J. M. Skinner.)

Shortly before Christmas I was seated in a Battersea tram-car on my way to a meeting at the Rev. W. Scott's Baptist Tabernacle. Not having been to the Tabernacle before, I asked my neighbor, who appeared to be a bricklayer or stonemason, if he knew where it was. He replied: 'Yes, sir, it is a little further on,' and then asked: 'Is there a mission just now?' 'I am going to a temperance meeting,' was my reply, and as he seemed interested I ventured to ask if he were an abstainer. 'Yes, sir, I am,' he replied with a pleased look. 'How long have you been a teetotaller?' was my next query. 'Six weeks,' he said, his face beaming more than ever, which induced me to go on inquiring. 'Well, and how do you like it?' 'First rate, sir. I have got thirty-eight shillings to the good, and that has nothing to do with what the missus has got.' 'I am glad to hear it. It seems to suit you, and I suppose you are getting ready for a good holiday next summer?' 'Next summer, sir!' he said rather impatiently. 'I sha'n't wait so long as that. I am going to the north of England at Christmas to see my boy, who has been there some time.' Looking [illegible] and raising his hand he exclaimed, 'There, that's the Tabernacle, sir,' and we hurriedly said 'Good-night.'

'Six weeks' and 'thirty-eight shillings' kept ringing in my ears. Here was one honest, industrious artisan who had been giving the liquor-sellers at least six shillings and fourpence a week. His apparently excessive pleasure at having been six weeks an abstainer was explained by the thirty-eight shillings. Then I ruminated upon the doctrine promulgated by some of our new teachers when they say that workmen ought not to save, and that it is impossible by adopting habitual sobriety to remedy the social misery that abounds. 'Thirty-eight shillings in six weeks' is my reply to those who scout abstinence as a means of securing valuable economic changes. My unknown friend has solved for himself the problem of how to spread amongst its producers the wealth that is now amassed by the worst form of capitalists—the rich liquor-sellers.—'Alliance News.'

SELECTED RECIPES.

Corn Bread.—Take a cupful of granulated cornmeal, a cupful and a half of boiling milk, a tablespoonful of butter, a heaping teaspoonful of sugar, a level teaspoonful of salt, and two eggs. Mix together the meal, salt and sugar, scald with the boiling milk, add the butter, and when the mixture is sufficiently cool, stir in the yolks and whites of the eggs, beaten separately. Bake in loaves.

Soft Corn Bread.—Take one cupful of cornmeal, the whites of two eggs, a tablespoonful each of salt and sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of boiled hominy or rice, and two cupfuls of milk. Scald the meal with a cupful of boiling water, add the hominy, milk and other ingredients, with a tablespoonful of melted butter, and bake in a pudding dish.

A CALL AND ITS ANSWER.

(Mrs. Emery Wyman.)

I. The Call.

Listen a moment, O wind of the evening,
Bear me this message far over the sea:
'Children, come home, for the shadow doth lengthen
And night cometh quickly. Come home unto me.

'In the land where you tarry lurk famine and fever,
And many dread terrors abide by the way;
There's death in the sun-glare, disease in the water;
Death threatens the night and o'ershadows the day.

'Those people are hardened and wed to their idols—
Those dusky brown people who live o'er the sea—
They are not of thy race, they are not of thy kindred,
They will heed not thy teaching. Come home unto me.

'There are no friends like old friends, no land like the homeland;
Your birds and your books call you forth from the gloom.
The places that know you are lonesome without you;
We are calling together, "Dear children, come home."'

II. The Answer.

Sunshine through shadows and a morning of beauty,
Rushing winds dashing the spray to the land,
And a voice in the wind like the blast of a trumpet,
'Courage, O mother, for day is at hand.

'O'er this dark land the bright gospel light's breaking;
Idols are shattered, we have nothing to fear,
No dread of disease or of any disaster;
Death cannot affright us, for Jesus is near.

'He came on before us. He bade us to follow.
His footstep doth sanctify e'en this dark land.
Vipers may sting us, but cannot appall us
When with the "Comforter" we walk hand in hand.

'Have courage, O mother, for yet we must linger,
Unheeding thy summons, though you pleadingly call.
These dusky brown people are kindred and brothers,
One Father doth love us, one Saviour for all.

'Write on your heart the brave word consecration,
Lift up your eyes to the beauties above,
Christ will be unto you sweet consolation,
"His yoke it is easy," he ruleth in love.'

A RUINED LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Professor Victor Wilker.)

At times there looms up before my mental vision the venerable form of one of my early teachers. He was the first to create in my mind a thirst for knowledge, and to inspire me with lofty ideals. He was a frequent and welcome visitor at my father's house. For hours I would listen to the words of wisdom as they fell like music from his lips. His knowledge was comprehensive, and his powers of communication were wonderful. His Latinity was of the purest, and the facility with which he wielded the classic idioms of antiquity is rarely witnessed in this country. Nor was he less conversant with the intricate questions in theology and philosophy. As a pulpit orator, his eloquence was simply grand. I have heard the most celebrated preacher of England, and listened to the three greatest that America can boast of, but they did not hold their audiences so spellbound, Sunday after Sunday, as he did. His extraordinary capabilities will appear less incredible when I state that he was the son of a Consistorialrath at one of the German Courts, and had received a superior education, the best that money and European universities could furnish. You may ask, 'How did this man, who certainly might have filled the highest position in Germany, come to take charge of a congregation in America?' At the time, this was a profound mystery, which people vainly endeavored to penetrate. After a sojourn of one year, however, it was discovered that he was the slave of strong drink. Having been found intoxicated several times, he was obliged, at the end of the second year, to dissolve his connection with our church, and left for parts unknown.

Many years had passed since the events transpired that have been narrated above. The youthful student had developed into manhood, but the image of his former friend and instructor had never faded from his memory. Some years ago, during the summer vacation, as I was travelling in a Western State, I met an old acquaintance, who, in the course of conversation stated that he had heard of a small rural congregation some eight miles distant, whose new pastor was creating a sensation by means of his wonderful [redacted] eloquence.

As I was travelling [redacted] recreation principally, I resolved to interview this modern Bossuet. Accordingly, at an early hour on the following morning, I started for the residence designated by my friend. Inquiring for the residence of the clergyman, I was directed to a small log-cabin in the rear of the miniature chapel. On knocking, the door was opened by an elderly woman whose emaciated features and haggard looks indicated that she had seen hard times. I was told that the Herr Pastor was still in bed, but if I desired to see him he would soon be at my service.

It was not long before the clergyman made his appearance. I judged him to be about seventy years old. His beard and hair were gray, and his features wore an exceedingly haggard expression. Soon our conversation was in full flow, and we talked with as much freedom as if we had long been intimate friends. When we happened to touch classic ground, and began to discuss the ancient world with its languages, literatures, philosophies and antiquities, a strange inspiration seemed to come over the old man. His eyes began to sparkle, the color came back to his pallid cheeks, and his voice grew tremulous with excitement as he poured forth with astonishing facility stores of ancient lore. The conversation continued with unabated interest until late in the afternoon of that long, hot summer day.

When I finally arose to take my leave, my host sprang to his feet, saying, 'Sir, you must not leave today; stay at least over night! For the first time in many years I have met some one with whom I can converse. I am a lone man, completely isolated. My peasants do not understand me, and there are no intelligent persons in the neighborhood. But tell me, if I dare ask, what is your profession, and where is your home?' When I had answered these and similar questions to his satisfaction, I, in turn, told him that his personality and the tone of our conversation recalled vividly to my mind the many pleasant hours I had spent while a youth with a teacher of cherished remembrance, 'who,' continued I, 'resembled you so much that I should be led to believe you are he, if your age did not render such a supposition improbable. The gentleman in question cannot have passed his fiftieth year, since, at the time when he was my teacher, he was a young man, and that was about twenty years ago. If it were not for this disparity in age, I should certainly take you to be my former teacher, Dr. R. S—— of the University of G——, and for some time professor in the University of M——.

Scarcely had these words escaped my lips, when the old man cried out with a quivering voice, 'Ah, sir, you are not mistaken! I am that man. My name is R. S——. Twenty years ago, you said it was? Let me see. I was then pastor of a congregation in C——, in the State of I——, where I used to frequent the house of one of my parishioners, whose son I was instructing. The youth's name was—I remember well—was V——, but I had changed it to Greek, and called him Nikon. Is it possible that you are my Nikon?'

The conversation which followed was sad. Partly from what he related to me of his own free will, and partly from his wife, with whom I had an opportunity to speak in private before I left, I learned the history of these last twenty years. It would make angels weep to relate it. Suffice it to say that since his student days he had been the slave of an indomitable appetite, which had ruined him, body and soul, and was dragging him into an untimely grave. It had crushed his genius, paralyzed every noble effort, smothered the fires of his ambition, lowered his ideals, extinguished the lamp of hope, broke down his iron constitution, and brought him to the verge of despair. At times, especially after his marriage, he had made efforts to shake off the demon that was holding him so firmly; but his reformation was always transitory. He had received many a letter from his parents, especially from his pious mother, entreating him, in the name of all that was sacred, to conquer the habit that was slowly but surely ruining him.

One of these letters, written by his mother, was once found by a church officer in the vacant parsonage, after the pastor had left. On reading it, the deacon wept like a child. It seems he was an only son. The mother called him her dearest heart-darling, her only much lamented but dearly beloved lost son. She begged of him, for his own sake, for his father's sake, for Jesus's sake, not to drink any more. She wrote words of cheer and encouragement, told him that all was not lost, that there was one mighty to save, that Jesus would accept him, and that there was free grace for all. She said that he was not only ruining himself, but making his parents extremely unhappy, and that it would be the happiest day of her life when she should hear the glad tidings that her long-lost son had been found, and was safe. It seems to have been all in vain. He could not do without strong drink. He cursed it, but he must have it. His whole being craved it.

The unhappy wife inquired of me whether I could not do something for her husband. She thought that a position in some institution of learning, where he would move in a more intellectual atmosphere, and enjoy the society of the scholarly, might possibly enable him to overcome his terrible appetite. If he only had friends to speak a good word for him! Did I know of an opening in some college? Was there no vacancy in the school with which I was connected? If so, would I use my influence in his favor?

Alas! what could I say under the circumstances? What could be done for a man who during his whole lifetime had been the slave of an indomitable appetite? Was there a reasonable prospect that he would ever reform, no matter what his surroundings might be?

With a very sad heart I took leave of the unhappy old man. While pressing his hand I spoke words of encouragement to him. I recalled to his mind an impressive sermon that he had preached more than twenty years previous, on the power of God to save to the uttermost. 'Yes,' he replied, 'at that time I still had hope; but now hope is dead. I fear I shall never be different.' 'With God all things are possible. He can save to the uttermost,' was my parting word.

Though requested to write to me, he has never done so. I learned, however, that soon after he was obliged to resign his position as pastor of that small church, and left for parts unknown.

What a frightful drama such a life presents! It is the struggling of a human soul with its most powerful enemy, alcohol. Young men, do not trifle with this enemy. Like the boa constrictor, he will slowly but firmly tighten his muscular rings around you. Arise in the majesty of your manhood, and say, 'I will not touch nor handle.' If you do so, God and good people will stand by you, and you will be safe.

GOD'S REVOLVER.

A number of years ago an incident occurred which greatly endeared the Bible to me, and caused me to feel safe without any carnal weapon.

All in a moment I found myself surrounded by six men demanding my purse. I was where I could not defend myself or obtain help from man. I confess to a strange palpitation in my heart. It seemed clear that my purse or life must go. At that instant something seemed to say:

'Tell them who you are.'

With much difficulty I said to them:

'I am a minister of Jesus Christ. My business is to preach Christ wherever I go, and you know you are making a demand upon me that you cannot meet at the judgment seat of Christ.'

After a little I distinctly heard one of them say:

'Let him go!'

Then I knew God's revolver had taken effect. I now became calm, and pointed them to the judgment-seat, where they must meet me and this whole transaction. Strange to tell, they were silent for a little, then one by one went away, and left me alone. This was plainly the effect of preaching to them the great Day of Judgment, accompanied by the divine Spirit.

I can never forget my feelings as I walked away from the spot, seeing 'Jesus only' with me. I seemed to grasp the 'Bible' with a new love and confidence, and silently said:

'I shall never need any other revolver than this.'—Incidents by A. B. Earl.

'OCCUPY TILL I COME.'

(By M. F. Rowe.)

'Tis only one little talent,
Yet I may not hide it away;
The Lord of my life has claimed it—
I must use it for him each day.
I must use my one small talent
As though it were five or ten,
For my Lord, at His returning,
Will require His own again.

It is only a little corner
In the world's wide harvest-field;
It gives no glowing promise
Of grand and glorious yield;
Yet here would I gladly labor
Until the harvest home,
For to me the Master speaketh:
'Occupy till I come.'

Perhaps had He given more talents
Or a field that was not so small,
I might not have traded wisely—
I might not have given Him all.
He appointed my place to labor,
And surely He knoweth best;
I'll occupy till He cometh,
And leave in his hands the rest.

HOW THE CHILDREN RAISED THE WIND.

(By Edna Lyall.)

CHAPTER III.—The Great Expedition.

Give us, amid earth's weary moil
And wealth, for which men cark and care,
'Mid fortune's pride and need's wild toil,
And broken hearts in purple rare,—

Give us Thy grace to rise above
The glare of this world's smelting fires!
Let God's great love put out the love
Of gold and gain and low desires!
—Mrs. Alexander.

It happened that the parson and his wife were obliged to go up to London the next week to attend the wedding of an old friend. Fay and Mowgli were, therefore, left to their own devices, for the four elder children were at various schools, and the Christmas holidays had not yet begun.

Fortune favored them, for nurse, having given them strict injunctions to be good children, went forth as soon as dinner was over, to see her sick mother, who lived three miles from Rickworth; and the housemaid having promised to give them their tea at five o'clock, left them, as she fondly imagined, playing at one of their usual games of 'dressing-up.'

Clearly the hour had come for their great effort to raise the wind.

The acting-box, as it was called, a delightful collection of old clothes which had seen much service in charades, was dragged out from its corner, and Fay hastily donned a short red skirt, a black velvet body, a gorgeous Roman sash, and a tiny red toque fringed with the remains of an Algierian coin necklace.

Then she turned her attention to Mowgli, remorselessly thrust him into his last year's yelveteen 'Patience' suit, which was very tight in the back, and with the help of red scarves, and a round velvet pork-pie hat of ancient lineage, transformed him into a Toreador.

'You are splendid!' she pronounced, regarding him with pride.

'Hurry up!' said Mowgli, writhing a little in his tight jacket. 'Now for Poodle. Here's the box to hang under his chin, and we'll tie the board on to the top of his collar, so, then every one can read it when he runs round c'llecting.'

'I'll put the key of the box in my pocket,' said Fay, who was breathless with excitement. 'Now for the organette. We'll fix on the Cachuca to begin with, and we'll take ten other tunes, that will be plenty.'

The organette measured a foot and a-half square. Mowgli hoisted it up valiantly in his arms and carried it like a baby; Fay with her tambourine, her bell-fringed shawl, and the extra tunes, boldly led the way to the front door, and the next moment the two little minstrels were in the street with Poodle as a rear-guard.

Fay shivered with excitement, Mowgli hurried on, panting more and more as they proceeded.

'It—it's—jolly—heav—y!' he gasped, toiling along under his burden.

'Give it to me,' said Fay, holding out her tiny arms—her 'broomsticks,' as the boys irreverently called them.

'Oh, I can carry that easily,' she protested. But somehow the organette grew distinctly heavier as they went further, and Mowgli, being a gentleman, soon had to proffer his help.

At last the public gardens were reached, and choosing a good position near the entrance, and within sight of the blind man, they joyfully set down their burden, and as soon as they had recovered their breath opened the campaign with a spirited rendering of the Cachuca.

The novelty of the thing soon attracted a small crowd of visitors. Rheumatic old people in bath-chairs ordered their men to stop, and peered through their spectacles at this strange sight. Then when Fay was tired out she took her turn at the organette; and Mowgli, with the particularly courteous bow which was exactly like his grandfather's, and which invariably won golden opinions, led round the modest and retiring Poodle, who, left to himself, was not at all a good beggar, but seemed to have a poor opinion as to the giving powers of the crowd.

Every one laughed when they read the appeal fastened to his collar, and there was not a soul that could resist the eager face and the hopeful eyes of the small Toreador, who said nothing unless directly questioned, and whose beaming smile, and courtly old-world bow, had a magical way of converting copper into silver and silver into gold.

However, at last the promenaders left the gardens, for the wintry days were short and cold. Then the children decided that the time had come for the big houses.

'Suppose we were to go to Mr. Britton's,' said Mowgli the valiant.

'Well, I don't know,' said Fay, dubiously. 'Nurse said yesterday he was a hard man and a terrible radical. I don't know quite what a radical is. Father says it's some one that goes to the very root of the evil, and tries to tear it up. If he went hunting for our faults I shouldn't like it.'

'He wouldn't have time to find them,' said Mowgli. 'We would just play outside, and p'raps he'd throw us some money. Besides, if nurse says he's hard, daddy said he was kind.'

'Well, let's go first and play outside Miss Gascoigne's, because we know she's sure to be good to us,' argued Fay.

'No, let's do the worst first. It's better to eat the bread and save the jam, than to have the dry bread left for the end,' said Mowgli, who, in his way, was a philosopher.

Fay saw that there was truth in this view, so she raised no more objections, and the two little minstrels bravely trudged on their way till they reached Ford House, the lonely home of old Mr. Britton.

By this time the sun was setting, and the November air had grown icy cold. Fay shivered as she rested, and Mowgli valiantly played 'Dream Faces.' But no one came to the window, and it seemed useless to dance when there was not a single spectator.

'Play the "Last Rose of Summer,"' said Fay. 'P'raps he doesn't like new-fashioned tunes.'

And the Toreador changed the tune and turned desperately, though his arm ached in every fibre, and he was obliged to go down on all fours in the drive in order to get power enough to endure any longer.

A joyous exclamation from Fay came to cheer his failing heart.

'There he is, standing in the window! He likes the old tunes! Oh, Mowgli! play well, keep on! I'll lead up Poodle so that he can see the card.'

Mr. Britton, though, like Barzillai, a very aged man of four-score years, had the eyes of a hawk, and needed no spectacles to read the appeal.

'Pity the poor church!' he exclaimed, with a chuckle. 'Pity the poor children in the cold, I think.'

And to Fay's great chagrin, he promptly turned from the window. She was ready to cry with disappointment, but in a minute the front door was opened, and there stood the stately old gentleman beckoning to them. They hurried forward with hope in their hearts.

'Come in, my dears,' he said. 'You seem rather thinly clothed for a winter's day. Who sent you out?'

'We came by ourselves,' said Fay, with an uneasy recollection that she was talking to a radical who went straight to the root of evils. 'It was our secret. But mother allowed us to have a secret because we told her it was a good one, and specially for daddy.'

'What church is it that your dog appeals for?'

'The new church in the London Road. The old one is falling to bits. Daddy says he must raise the wind somehow, and we are doing this to help him, and to be a great surprise.'

'Well, come in, and let me see the performance,' said the old gentleman, his eyes twinkling with amusement as he looked at the small minstrels. 'That instrument seems heavy. Have you carried it far?'

'From our house in Dagmar terrace to the Public Gardens, and then here,' said Fay; 'but we take turns.'

They had followed their host into a cheerful library; he turned on the electric light and bade them come and get warm by the fire.

Mowgli set down the organette with a great puff of relief.

'You remind me of an old horse of ours,' said Mr. Britton, 'who had to carry a very stout lady; and when she dismounted he always said "Humph!" like that, he was so glad to get rid of his burden.'

The children laughed with delight at his story, and old Mr. Britton tested the weight of the organette, and muttered something to himself. It sounded like:—'There's grit in them if they can toil along with that!'

But as neither of the children knew what 'grit' was, they were none the wiser.

'Shall we play to you?' asked Mowgli.

'I can dance you the shawl dance,' said Fay, 'if you would care for it.'

Mr. Britton wished to see and hear the whole performance; and Rickworth would have been greatly astonished could it have seen the smile on the old man's face as he leant back in his arm-chair watching the fairy-like little girl as she glided through the graceful shawl dance, with all its complicated evolutions, and the twinkle of keen amusement which lighted up his eyes when he turned to the vigorous organette player, who, with an air of dauntless resolution, manfully turned away at his handle till he grew crimson with the exertion.

Presently a servant appeared with a tea-tray.

'Bring in two more cups,' said Mr. Britton, 'and some cakes. And tell James I want the carriage in twenty minutes.'

There was an ominous sound as of a splitting seam when Mowgli hastily rose to his feet after playing to the end of the last tune.

'Oh, dear! it's your jacket! What shall we do? It was dreadfully tight, and you've split it now. We can't go round with you in rags,' said Fay, looking much perturbed.

'It is getting too dark for you to do any more to-night,' said old Mr. Britton. 'Stay and have tea with me, and then I will see you safely home when I go out. Now let me give Poodle my contribution.'

But the money-box would not easily receive the note which old Mr. Britton tried hurriedly to slip into it.

'Let me help,' said Fay. 'Why,' she cried, breathlessly, 'it's—it's a £5 note! Oh, how good you are!'

And with one consent both children launched themselves upon him, and kissed and hugged him as though they were quite old friends. He was touched and pleased by their delighted gratitude. It was not always that his kindly deeds received any warm response.

'Ho, ho!' he said, laughing. 'So you know a banknote when you see it?'

'Why, yes,' said Mowgli; 'there's that poem, you know, about the boy who went to change one for his father and loitered and chattered near a greengrocer's who kept a goat—

'When what was his horror to see the rude goat
In munching the green-stuff eat up his banknote.'

This made Mr. Britton laugh, though whether at the poem or at the emphatic way in which Mowgli declaimed the closing lines, it would be hard to say.

They chattered to him fast during tea, and he learnt that 'Mowgli's' real name was Maurice, and that Fay was short for Felicia; that they had come first to his house because they felt rather afraid of him, but that they were not at all afraid now, and never would be again; that nurse had rather frightened them by saying he was a terrible Radical.

'But,' proclaimed Mowgli, 'we see now that you dig out the roots of the evil to plant in the good. And it's awfully good of you to help us to fight the debt and build the church.'

Old Mr. Britton quietly turned the subject, and kept the two well plied with cakes and tea until the carriage was announced.

Then, donning a huge Inverness, he gave his arm to Fay in the most courtly fashion, and put her into the carriage, taking the place beside her. Mowgli and Poodle were ensconced on the back seat, and the servant stowed the organette safely between them.

'How lovely and springy it is!' said Mowgli, gleefully.

Fay only looked radiantly happy, and when they reached the house thanked Mr. Britton for bringing them home, in her pretty, soft little voice.

(To be Continued.)

TOBACCO JUICE.

Considerable admiration has been expressed for the fact that a Methodist church sued and recovered eight dollars from a man who defiled the floor of the meeting-house by expectorations of tobacco. We like that movement of the Methodists for clean floors; but how much grander the crusade if we could only clean the mouths of the people of this loathsome stuff. We never want to hear a man lecture about the evils of rum if his breath smells of tobacco. We think it inconsistent for a minister of the Gospel to preach of purity when he has from day to day to balance himself cautiously lest there be from his lips an overflow of yellow slobber. The time was when it was thought a concomitant of orthodoxy for a minister to use the Virginia weed. The times of such ignorance God winked at; but now he commandeth all tobacco smokers and spitters to repent. We greet these brethren with the following advice: Go out into the field or back yard, take the cud of tobacco out of your mouth and throw the wad under the fence, and get your dog or cat to scratch something over the uncleanness and bury it out of sight forever.

Let all Christian reformers know that there is something in tobacco that seems to excite thirst for strong drink. Multitudes of men have got into the beer shop through the tunnel of their own pipe. We know of many young men who seemed to be reformed from the habits of intoxication, who went back first to tobacco and then to the wine flask. Get a new tooth-brush, have some fresh water brought from the spring, and submit gum and tongue and roof of mouth to scouring and absolution. Thus, at last come out a regenerated man, having not only a clean soul, but a pure body.—'Christian Herald.'

FROM ONE OF OUR PRIZE-WINNERS.

John Dougall & Son, Montreal:—

Gentlemen.—Please acept thanks for the papers you are sending me, also for your kind and encouraging letter. I did not expect any prize when I wrote the essay, so was agreeably surprised when I received your letter and the papers. I value the 'Northern Messenger' very highly, especially for its aid in studying the Sunday-school lesson. I hope to join in your next competition, and will do what I can to induce my friends to take a part. I will close now, wishing you success in your good work.

Yours respectfully,
Treva Dagg.
Barrie.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

'Go, weed in the garden till half after ten,'
Rob's mother said, sharply, 'I'll not speak again.'

'Dear me,' said Rob, sighing, 'I wish I could be
The robin that's singing up there in the tree.

'Birds never weed gardens—they never bring wood,
They do as I'd like to, and would if I could.

'They've nothing to trouble them, only to sing,
And rock on the branch when they're not on the wing.'

'See, here, little boy,' said the robin to Rob,
'Though you think I am idle, I'm planning a job.

'Four nestlings to care for—such great hungry things!
There isn't much rest for a father-bird's wings.

'The cats try to catch us—the boys are as bad.
Birds have work, wants and worries like others, my lad.

'Be content as God made us—as bird, boy, or man,
And do what needs doing the best way we can.'

EBEN E. REXFORD.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

A VISIT TO THE ZOO.

Bob, Olivia and Tom were most anxious that their father and I should take them to the Zoo. As we deny the children nothing we think is for their good, which has a most excellent effect, I said I would ask their father what he thought. As no man could be more indulgent than he, Tom said, 'If she asks pa I need not fear the reply. Can Ada go with us? I will ask Olivia to put up a lunch for us. Will you, Olivia? Give Bob a ham; a slice would not be enough for his appetite.'

'Now, Tom,' said Olivia, 'though I have first a fowl to truss, I am sure the lunch will be ready before you are. Wash your hands. You have been in the garden marking out flower beds. You should have smoothed down the land or raked it off better. However, no time now. Get some Malaga grapes and pack them.'

I now came back with their father's consent to our all going for the day. I said, 'Take an afghan. I stand in need of something warm; it may turn cool toward evening. Tom, on a cool day you should take a long scarf for your throat.'

'I see Ed,' said Bob; 'I will ask him to go with us.' He ran off, and after talking for some time we heard him call, 'Run it, Ed. State some reason for not waiting for a lunch. We will have plenty.'

'I will come back through the lane if I can, or way round by the Main street and meet you there, if I can't,' called Ed, and Bob, hot and tired with his run, came to the house.

Pa then came in. He said, 'Is it kind, I am sure it is not, to leave you to go without me? I think possibly a purchaser via Harrisburg may come to-day from Williamsport—I am rather looking for him—and I should not lose a chance of selling those lots.'

Ed was now seen coming up the lane. Pa ultimately decided to remain at home. We are sorry not to have him with us, but go on with our preparations.

Tom hears a moan. It is from little Ada, whose tooth aches. 'I fear it will have to be pulled,' she said, 'and it will hurt.'

Said Tom, 'Ada, gas carefully used by a dentist will prevent all pain. I will put peppermint in it now.'

Soon with new zeal and hope of freedom from pain Ada was helping pack the lunch.

When we reached the Zoo we found much to interest us. A comic ape of good, hopeful disposition so begged for food that we opened our lunch basket. One of the attendants said that to feed the animals was not usually allowed, but he gave us his permission. 'I call this ape Gyp, t'other Hugu,' said he. Hugu ate Malaga grapes with a relish.

'Will you give the grapes to Hugu? I gave an apple to Gyp, and if another ape runs for food we will feed him, too,' said Bob.

Soon we went on to another cage.

'A lynx,' said Tom.

'It a lynx!' said Ada; 'it's a cat,' and they began a dispute.

'If you cannot agree cease talking,' said I.

We went on to cages near by, where a wolf and a tiger howled and growled without unison. The wolf ran certain distances back and forth, the tiger many times growling at the top of its lungs. Suddenly the tiger put out his paw and caught little Ada's dress.

'Call "Help," or tug all together,' I cried, seizing the child's dress, 'Call "Help."'

They all called it as maniacs might do. We still pulled on the dress.

'Will it rip, Olivia,' said Tom.

Just then the dress did rip.

Ed cried, 'Ha, ha!' I tightened my hold, and Ada was quickly pulled out of harm's way.

We found a place to rest after this excitement, and where we could eat our lunch. In spite of Ada's danger there was no lack of appetite, as I am amazed at the rapidity with which everything disappears. Suppers I am sure they cannot eat.

Bob said, 'There are two men who look like a Jap and a Turk eyeing us. Perhaps they never saw people eat in public before.'

We pinned up Ada's torn skirt, and Olivia took Tom's scarf for a sash to cover the rents, and tied it on. Gazelles, bears, with a cub, and animals that Ed said were, he knew, guinea pigs, next engaged our attention. We then went in the bird-house and saw many birds. One—particularly gorgeous—sat on a perch in a queer position. This one on the perch I let Tom poke with a stick, which made it look very cross and frightened Ada. When we looked at the ostriches she would not even touch a bar. 'Bad ostrich,' she said, having now a wholesome fear of all the birds and beasts.

We thought we would take a short row on the river, as Bob announced a new-found landing-place near. Unfortunately the dock was not quite completed, and as we would have been obliged to step over lumber, mud and mire to reach the one boat, we gave up the idea.

As we waited for our car a strange man would insist on talking to us and waiting till our car came, but his car coming first, Ed said, 'I will help the vulgar gent in ere public opinion in our party rises higher against him. That man is an escaped convict, or I am mistaken,' he added.

We soon were at home telling our adventures, and deciding that the next time the children's father should go with us, for we would not alone go back, or each might meet with some accident.—Hulme.

[Find the names of fifty hidden countries.]—'Christian Intelligencer.'

BEN'S PROBLEM.

'I can't do it—it's quite impossible. I've tried five times, and I can't get it right,'—and Ben pushed his book and slate away in despair. Ben was a most ambitious boy; he wanted to be 'head' in the school; for, had not the minister already spoken about him, and said such a boy ought to have a chance at college? But Ben worked at great disadvantage. His mother, though a good Christian woman, and a lady, in the best sense of the word, had had very few advantages when a girl, and so could not help Ben; and the father, who might have done so, had died, leaving his widow with three little children to support by her needle.

Mrs. Hartley gave a little sigh at her boy's perplexity, but only said quietly, 'Then you don't believe in the Lord's Prayer?'

'The Lord's Prayer, mother! Why, there's nothing there to help me with this example.'

'Oh, yes; there is help for every trouble in life in the Lord's Prayer, if we only know how to get at it. I'm afraid you don't yet know that prayer.'

Ben flushed. If it had been anybody else that had said that, he would have been really vexed, but mother was different. Ben always tried to be sure he quite understood her, for he never for one instant forgot why her hands were never idle.

'Now, mother, you don't mean that. I've said that prayer ever since I was a baby! I couldn't go to bed or leave my room in the morning without saying it. I know I sometimes don't think enough of what I am saying, but you know, mother, I do try to mean it—I—I—' But Ben stopped, his voice half choked.

The mother saw that her boy had misunderstood her, and answered quickly, 'I never doubt, Ben, boy, that you are trying and praying; but I was trying a long time before I knew what the last part of the Lord's Prayer really meant. I'm no minister or scholar, but I'll try and tell it to you. You know we ask God for bread, to be kept from evil, and to be forgiven, and then we say, for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory. It's God's power we rely on—not our own; and it often helps me, Ben, when I have a difficult new pattern to fit. I say, "For thine is the power—this is my duty, Heavenly Father, give me thy power," and he does, Ben, he does.'

Ben sat silent. It seemed almost too familiar a prayer. And yet, that time when he had to stay from school because he had no clothes, he had asked God; and the minister's wife had brought him a suit the very next day. 'But a boy's sums, mother!' he said.

'I think that sum is just as much to you as many a grander sounding thing to some one else. You say if only you get that right you'll be perfect for the month. Now, I care a great deal about that, but I'm quite sure your Heavenly Father loves you more than I do. I would help you so gladly, Ben, if I could, but he can help you; his is the power; ask him.'

There was another silence, and then Mrs. Hartley said:—'Now, Ben, I want you to run to the store for some sewing-silk for me; the air will do you good. I believe, my son, that, if you ask, you can do that sum when you come home.'

Ben started at once; his mother's slightest wish was law to him. He ran along, enjoying the rest from study and the cool, fresh air. The sewing-silk was bought, and Ben started home, when he caught sight of Phil Earlie across the street. Ben gave the whistle boys so delight in, and Phil looked back and joined him.

'Done your lessons?'

'All but my sums.'

'Did you try that fifteenth example?'

'Yes.'

'Get it right.'

'No, not yet; but I will.'

Phil gave a provoking little laugh. 'You will? I guess not; I've done it, I never could have found it out alone. I had help.'

Ben's heart fairly ached with envy for a moment. It was always so; Phil had his Uncle George, and other boys had big brothers or fathers to help them; only he was left quite alone. But just then he remembered his mother's words, 'It's God's power we rely on—not our own.' 'I'll get help, too,' he said to himself.

The boys chatted on, played leap-frog and raced each other; but even as he raced and romped, Ben felt changed. He had begun to believe in his Heavenly Father as never before, and was wonderfully happy.

After giving the silk to his mother, he picked up his slate and book and went up to his own little room. Kneeling by the bed he repeated the Lord's Prayer, stopping at 'thine is the kingdom,' and saying with all his heart, 'And thine is the power, Heavenly Father. I want power to understand this. There's no one to help me, please give me power.'

Ben waited a moment and then, still on his knees, he took his slate and tried again. Do you ask me, did he succeed? 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.' Ben had asked, and God answered. After a little earnest thought, he saw what rule he had neglected, and worked the example correctly. The next day he was 'head;' for he was the only boy who had 'done his sums without being helped.'

'Yet I was helped, mother,' he said; 'and I shall never forget the last part of the Lord's Prayer after this.'—'Hope Ledyard.'

SHE KNEW A WAY.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

The sun had not quite climbed up the shoulder of Humpback Mountain, but he was on the way. The sky knew it, and brightened at the thought. The birds knew it, and twittered and cheeped, and tuned their voices up and down the scale, to be ready for their part in the chorus.

In the small, sunburnt cottage, halfway up the mountain, a little curly-headed child stirred and cheeped too. She had gone to bed in the early twilight, and now she was tired of sleep, and ready for the new day.

'Mammy,' said the little mountain maid, 'kin I git up?'

'Yes, child, git up, and welcome,' answered the mother. 'I reckon I must be stirring my old bones, too.'

With nimble fingers the child fastened the few scanty garments belonging to her, and ran out on bare brown feet to wash at the little stream below the spring. The intense cold of the water made her cheeks glow and her breath come quickly.

'Now,' she said to herself, 'I will gather the eggs for mammy, and s'prise her. I won't go for no basket, I kin just git 'em in my dress.'

Away she sped to the chicken-house. It was a low-roofed affair, flat on the ground, with so small an opening that nobody bigger than Jess herself could have gotten in and out. The child crept fearlessly in, but hardly had she put the first egg in her gathered-up lap when she saw a large mottled rattlesnake stretch himself across the little opening by which she had entered.

The snake did not seem angry, was not looking at her, in fact, and even Jess's terrified scream did not rouse him. Fortunately she did not move, and in a moment her father ran to her help.

Peering in through a crack in the roof, the man saw not only the snake lying in front of the child, but a second one, its mate, stretched out behind her! It was impossible to kill them both at once; if he struck either, the other one would certainly bite the little prisoner. What a moment of horror!

'Jess,' he said, hoarsely, 'keep as still as the dead, and listen to me. I've got to take off the roof, and lift you out of this here coop. But if you move, you're gone. Can you hold still?'

The little face was white with terror, and at first no sound would come to her lips. Then she said faintly:

'All right, dad; I've thought of a way to keep still.'

The man and his wife quickly unroofed the slight building, making as little noise as possible, and then, climbing out on the chestnut limb that overhung it, Jess's father let down a rope and drew her up, like Jeremiah out of his dungeon, by his arm-pits.

The snakes were promptly killed,

and the child sat white and trembling on her mother's lap in the cabin's doorway.

'You're a fust-rate soldyer, Jess—that's what you be,' said her father proudly. 'How ever did you manage to keep still ?'

'I jest shet my eyes,' said the child, 'and made out that God was holding my feet.'

'Holding your feet !' exclaimed the man, somewhat startled.

Jess nodded :

'They're teaching me some bible verses at the chapel Sunday-school,' she said, 'and one of them says, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved." That's what made me think of it.'

The next Sunday Jess found, to her delight, that her father was going with her down the mountain to Zion Chapel.

'Are you 'fraid I'll meet up with more snakes, dad ?' she asked.

'Not so much that, though you mought,' he answered. 'I'm goin' to learn the rest of them verses 'bout God not lettin' your foot be moved.'

And when he heard the very first verse of that beautiful Psalm; 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help,' the mountaineer nodded :

'Ezzactly,' he said, 'that's just the one for me.'

But he has gone farther on now, and is learning the deeper, sweeter lesson of the next verse, 'My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.'—Elizabeth P. Allan, in 'Sunday-School Times.'

AGAINST THE USE OF TOBACCO.

(By Mrs. Clara Smith Colton.)

Some may use it all their lives with only the invariable result of a weakened heart, a duller brain and more irritable nerves, all of which defects they probably deny, because they are unconscious themselves of the slow and subtle effect; but in other cases, the use of tobacco, besides the ills already mentioned, causes that dread disease cancer. Whether all physicians agree or not as to the real cause of the sad deaths of General Grant and the Emperor Frederick, some were sure that their terrible afflictions were the direct result of the excessive use of tobacco.

Some physicians have made the same statement regarding the illness and death of Secretary Gresham, who was an inveterate smoker.

A physician of authority in the medical world says, 'Smokers' patches in the mouth and throat are always liable in a scrofulous condition of the system to develop into cancers.'

So, as in the illustration of the apple-blossoms, who that begins the use of tobacco can tell but he may be the one to develop the extreme ill effects of the nicotine poison in his system?

The author of 'My Lady Nicotine,' who glorified the soothing delights of the pipe by the halo of his literary genius, has had to go away on a vacation, giving up all work, this result being brought about in large part, as physicians say, by excessive use of tobacco!

Edward Bok, the brilliant young literary man, editor of 'Ladies' Home Journal,' in his advice to young men speaks strongly against the use of tobacco from the standpoints of wastefulness and dulling the keen edge of brain power, the temporary stimulation being more than offset by the heaviness which follows.

The facts given, surely show that tobacco as nature made it is not good for man as a stimulant. How much worse are its levil effects when we consider that 'Opium and old refuse stuff,' are commonly put into cigars and especially into cigarettes!

A manufacturer of tobacco himself says, 'The amount of drugs and poisons, as opium and arsenic, which are put into cigarettes, is appalling.'

Children from the slums in great cities are given the regular employment of going round the streets late at night to gather up all the old cigar-stumps and discarded quids of tobacco, and these are ground up and used in the manufacture of cigarettes!

Perhaps it is thought that the high-priced cigars are pure. But Havana brand cigars with their supposed flavor derived from Havana soil and sunshine and skill in preparing, are made in large quantities in this country, by soaking ordinary tobacco leaves in a liquid 'Havana flavoring,' which is manufactured by thousands of barrels from the poisonous tonka bean.

This is the age of 'Women's Rights' and of 'Girls' Rights' too. Why should they not use tobacco? Is there any reason against mothers and sisters and wives smoking which does not hold good against fathers and brothers and husbands doing so?

Would a young man care to take a girl to some entertainment and have her puff a cigar as she walked along the street with him? If not, why should any gentleman do it?

We all have the inalienable rights to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;' we might well add that we all have an alienable right to non-tobacco-flavored air. Smokers often forget this, and only too commonly make others share with them their smoke and smell, which is surely neither kind nor courteous.

Let no girl who does not wish to be suspected of an inherited depraved taste or an abnormal lack of delicacy say (as unhappily some do), 'I don't mind the smell of a good cigar; indeed, I rather like it.' It is not natural to like it, for little children never do. And if a young lady's physical sensibilities are not normal or not delicate enough to make her dislike tobacco, let her not proclaim her blunted moral sensibilities by making no protest against its use, thus really countenancing this evil habit which is stealing away the true manliness of thousands of youths.

Girls have it in their power to make smoking unpopular, unfashionable, and this with some young men has a stronger influence than the force of logic and moral considerations.

But there is far higher authority to quote against the use of tobacco than the testimony of physicians, educators, and Christian men and women. God's Word is against it.

We are made in the image of God.

Just before John B. Gough fell dead, while lecturing to a great audience, his last words were, 'Young men, keep yourselves pure.' He was only echoing the words of the inspired Psalmist long ago:—

'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?'

'He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.'

The body, mind and soul of the smoker cannot be clean and pure as it should be in God's sight.

The service of our whole being belongs to him who endowed us with our powers, who made us in his own image, and we have no right to weaken our physical, mental, or moral strength.

'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, whose temple ye are.'—'National Temperance Advocate.'

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

The following case of divine leading was published about three years ago in the 'Boston Watchword,' Dr. Gordon, editor, and is the record of a remarkable experience in the life of Mr. Emmons T. Mockridge, president of the Philadelphia Medical Mission:

After a busy day, sitting in my counting-room in meditation, there came upon me an irresistible impulse to take the train and go to a distant city. After vainly trying to shake off the impression, I sent word to my family that they need not look for me that night, hastened to the cars without baggage, and at the end of a three or four hours' journey, found myself at my destination, heartily ashamed of having yielded to so unaccountable an impulse. Finding that the next train would not start for my home for some time, I strolled up into the town to pass away the time, amazed that I could have been so weak as to take a long journey without any motive.

As I passed a public office a door opened and there came forth a man whom I well knew, who, without expressing any surprise at my presence, asked me to walk with him, to which I consented. I noticed that he was under great suppressed emotion and I was seeking to find the cause. He told me that the night before he had been badly treated by another, and that he was now on his way to take that man's life. Of course I was horrified, and tried all sorts of argument and persuasion to induce him to desist from his purpose; but he was a man of singularly strong will, and had become almost insane by brooding on his wrongs. For perhaps two or three hours I followed him as he entered different places in search of his enemy, vainly seeking to deter him from his fell purpose, until at last at midnight I fell upon my knees in the street and cried unto God to save him from committing the dreadful crime of murder.

Immediately the answer came. He raised his pistol, fired it into the air, and said:—'I yield to your entreaties and forego my purpose.' 'Now take me home with you,' I said. He consented, and when we came there, I kneeled down, insisting that he should do the same, and besought the Lord to not only make him forego his purpose of vengeance, but also to forgive the offender. It was a long time before he yielded to my entreaties that he should forgive him, but every time he refused I turned to God with fresh prayer until finally he consented to forgive. I then asked him to pray for his own forgiveness, and to ask God to receive him into his family as one of his children.

For a long time he refused my appeal, but I kept continually calling upon God for him, until finally, as the day broke, he made a full surrender, and as we both rose from our knees, we gave the glory to God who had used me as his feeble instrument to save a soul from death, deliver him from the power of Satan and bring him into the kingdom of God's dear son.

More than a quarter of a century has passed since that eventful night, but the event was of him who, when he commences a good work, carries it to the end for he has ever since lived a godly and sober life, exemplifying in his experience the mighty power of God to save, to keep from falling, and to present faultless before the holy presence with exceeding joy.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

A little Jewish boy attended a mission Sunday-school in New York. His mother was glad of the two hours' rest it gave her from the care of the restless, inquiring mind. He became engrossed with the story of Jesus Christ, so surpassing strange and new to him, and never tired of looking at pictures of the 'One who seeks the lost.' The Bible Lesson pictures were of great value to him, and when he was told he could select one for himself, his joy knew no bounds.

'O I will take the shepherd one. I wonder if He knows I am His lamb?' And the large, lustrous eyes filled with tears.

The dread diphtheria was in the tenement where he lived. His mother did not know how to care for him. The beloved picture was pinned up by his cot where he could always see it.

'Mamma, I'm going to die, and go to the Shepherd of Israel; won't you put the picture in the coffin when I'm carried out ?'

One night the Good Shepherd gathered this little lamb to His bosom, and little Jacob was at rest.—New York 'Observer.'

HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

A writer in the 'Banner of Gold' furnishes a number of suggestions along the line of amusements at home. From them I select the following :

Word Contests—A contest which calls for some work and rapid thinking is to transpose correctly the misplaced letters of words. For each guest prepare a list of fifteen or twenty words, names of flowers, noted men, countries or animals, with the letters of each word transposed. After distributing the lists and pencils give twenty minutes for the contest. The one correctly making out the greatest number of names is well entitled to a prize. If the list is flowers, the prize may appropriately be a bouquet. At first glance one would little think the words elephant, monkey and pansy were hidden in ahetlnep, nyoekm, nspya.

For another game sides are chosen as for spelling down. One who acts as a leader or teacher pronounces any letter of the alphabet, and then counts five. The leader of one side is to pronounce some geographical name commencing with that letter before the leader finishes his count. Proceed as in spelling down.

A Guessing Game.—One member of a company, which may consist of any number of people, is to give out in their proper order the first three letters of a word which he has in his mind, and which the others must guess. For instance, he may have in his mind the word purpose, and he says: 'I think of a word which begins p-u-r.' As soon as one of the others thinks of a word beginning with those letters, he presents it orally for approval. The shortest and most ordinary words often prove the most puzzling, owing to some peculiarity of their formation. The difficulty and interest of the game are increased by placing a limit upon the number of letters which the word shall contain. Although no proper names and no obsolete words are allowed, and words not known to the average intelligent reader are excluded, there will be puzzling words while this game is being played.

Answers in Rhyme.—Give to each guest paper and pencil, and two small slips, upon one of which is to be written a question and on the other a single word. The questions and words are collected and redistributed. Each one must answer in rhyme the question he has drawn, using the word on the other card in his rhyme. Five minutes is the time allowed for the writing. Then each one reads aloud the result of his labors, reading his question and word aloud before reading his answer in rhyme.

'OUT OF SCHOOL.'

(By M. E. Van Duyne.)

The clock strikes two in my parlor,
With its soft and silvery chime;
There are voices and merry laughter,
And I know that now is the time
When three little roguish people,
Whose tasks for the day are o'er,
Will run up the old oak staircase
And in at my open door.

Their fond little arms are round me;
Soft lips to my own are pressed;
Two bright little laughing faces
With merriest smiles are dressed.
But one is so sad and tearful,
As it lies against my own,
And the poor little heart, and tender,
Thus utters its childish moan:

'Oh, why, mamma, do you send me
Where the hours are all so long ?
I try so hard with the lessons,
But I always get them wrong.
At home, with you, I am happy,
But there I must keep the rule,
When I am a great grown lady,
I never will go to school.'

Oh, how shall I tell my baby,
So free from sorrow and care,
With the soul through her bright eyes shining,
With her sheaf of golden hair,
That we who are great grown ladies,
And sterner and stricter the rule—
That my lessons are only longer,
We never are 'out of school.'

'PROBABLE SONS.'

By the author of 'Eric's Good News.'

CHAPTER I.—AN UNWELCOME LEGACY

'Children! They are a nuisance to every one—my abomination, as you know, Jack. Why on earth they cannot be kept out of sight altogether till they reach a sensible age is what puzzles me! And I suppose if anything could make the matter worse, it is that this is a girl!'

The tone of disgust with which the last word was uttered, brought a laugh from Sir Edward Wentworth's companion, who replied, as he took his cigar from his mouth and gazed critically into the worried, perplexed face of his host, —

'My dear fellow, she is not of an age yet to trouble you much. Wait till she gets a bit older; when her education is finished, and she takes possession of you and your house, will be the time for you to look to us for pity!'

'Look here, Sir Edward,' said a bright-looking youth from the other side of the room, 'I'll give you a bit of advice. Send the child straight off to school. Has she come to-day? Good. Then pack her off to-morrow, and keep her there as long as is needful. Then I will go down and inspect her, and if she grows up to be a moderately decently-looking girl, I will do you a good turn by taking her off your hands. She will have a nice little fortune, you informed us, and if you will give her something in addition, out of gratitude to me for relieving you of all responsibility concerning her, upon my word I think I should not do badly!'

But Sir Edward was not in a mood to joke; he looked gloomily round upon his friends, as they gathered round the smoking-room fire after a hard day's shooting, and remarked,—

'I know what is before me. I have seen it in my sister's family, and have heard something of all her toils and troubles. How thankful I was when she and hers were translated to Australia, and the sea came between us! It is first the nurses, who run off with one's butler, make love to the keepers, and bring all kinds of followers about the house, who sometimes make off with one's plate. Then it's the governesses, who come and have a try at the guests, or most likely in my case they would set their affections on me, and get the reins of government entirely into their hands. If it is school, then there is a mass of correspondence about the child's health and training; and, in addition, I shall have all the ladies in the neighborhood coming to mother the child and tell me how to train it. It is a bad look-out for me, I can tell you, and not one of you would care to be in my shoes.'

'What is the trouble, Ned?' asked a newcomer, opening the door and glancing at the amused faces of those surrounding Sir Edward, all of whom seemed to be keenly enjoying their host's perplexity.

'He has received a legacy to-day, that is all,' was the response; 'he has had an orphan niece and nurse sent to him from some remote place in the Highlands. Come, give us your case again, old fellow, for the benefit of your cousin.'

Sir Edward, a grave, abstracted-looking man, with an iron-grey moustache and dark, piercing eyes, looked up with a desponding shake of the head, and repeated slowly and emphatically,—

'A widowed sister of mine died last year, and left her little girl in the charge of an old school friend, who has now taken a husband to herself and discarded the child, calmly sending me the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,—Doubtless you will remember that your sister's great desire on her death-bed was that you should receive her little one and bring her up under your own eye, being her natural guardian and nearest relative. Hearing, however, from you that you did not at that time feel equal to the responsibility, I came forward, and volunteered to take her for a short while till you had made arrangements to receive her. I have been expecting to hear from you for some time, and as I have promised my future husband to fix the day for our marriage some time early next month, I thought I could not do better than send the child with her nurse to you without delay. She will reach you the day after you receive this letter. Perhaps you will kindly send me word of her safe arrival.

'"Yours truly,

'"ANNA KENT."

Now, Lovell, what do you think of that? And sure enough, this afternoon, whilst we were out, the child and nurse appeared, and are in the house at this present moment. Don't you think it a hard case for such a confirmed bachelor as I am?'

'I do indeed,' was the hearty reply; 'but I think you will find a way out of it, Ned. Take a wife unto yourself, and she will relieve you of all responsibility.'

There was a general laugh at this, but in the midst of it the door slowly opened, and the subject of all this discussion appeared on the threshold, a fragile little figure, with long, golden-brown hair and a pair of dark brown eyes that looked calmly and searchingly in front of her. Clad in white, with her dimpled hands crossed in front of her, she stood there for a moment in silence, then spoke:—

'Where is my Uncle Edward?'

'Here,' replied Sir Edward, as he looked helplessly round, first at his friends and then at his small niece.

The child stepped up to him with perfect composure, and held out her little hand, which her uncle took, undergoing all the while a severe scrutiny from the pair of dark eyes fixed upon him. There was dead silence in the room; Sir Edward's companions were delighting in the scene, and his great discomfiture only heightened their enjoyment.

'Well,' he said at length, rather feebly, 'I think you know the look of me now, don't you? Where is your nurse? Ought you not to be in your bed? This is not the place for little girls, you know.'

'I was thinking you would kiss me,' and the child's lips began to quiver, whilst a pink flush rose to her cheeks, and she glanced wistfully round, in the hope of seeing some sympathetic face near her.

But Sir Edward could not bring himself to do this; laying his hand on the curly head raised to his, he patted it as he might his dog, and said:—

'There, there! Now you have introduced yourself to me, you can run away. What is your name? Millicent, isn't it?'

'Milly is my name. And are all these gentlemen my uncles too?'

The tone of doubtful inquiry was too much for the little company, and Milly's question was answered by a shout of laughter.

Again the child's face flushed, and then a grey-haired man stepped forward.

'Come, Wentworth, this is a severe ordeal for such a mite. I have grandchildren of my own, so am not so scared as you. Now, little one, is that better?'

And in an instant the child was lifted by him and placed upon his knee as he took a seat by the fire.

Milly heaved a short sigh.

'I like this,' she said, looking up at him confidingly. 'Does Uncle Edward really want me to go to bed? Nurse said it wasn't time yet. Nurse wanted her supper, so she sent me in here while she had it.'

'The reign of the nurse has begun,' said Sir Edward. 'Well it may be a very fine joke to all you fellows, but if I don't make my authority felt at once, it will be all up with me. Lovell, be so good as to ring that bell.'

Sir Edward's voice was irate when his old butler apeared.

'Ford, take this child to her nurse, and tell her that she is never to appear in my presence again unless sent for. Now, Millicent, go at once.'

The child slid down from her seat, but though evidently puzzled at the quick, sharp words, she seemed to have no fear, for, going up to her uncle, she slipped her little hand into his.

'Are you angry, uncle? What does "presence" mean? Will you say, "Good-night; God bless you," to me?'

With the baby fingers clinging to what could Sir Edward say?

'Good-night; good-night, child! Now go.'

'Say, "God bless you!"' persisted the little one; and it was not till her uncle muttered the desired words that she relinquished her hold and followed the butler sedately out of the room.

(To be Continued.)

DISCIPLINE.

'I don't understand it at all,' says a young Christian, murmuring over her lot in life, which is not to her mind. 'Why should disappointments come so early? Why should circumstances be so hard in the beginning? After one is older, one may expect them to be trying, but while one is young, why should things be so grievous?'

This Christian girl forgets what her name is, and what it means. She has taken her Saviour's name upon her and is enrolled as his disciple. A disciple is a learner, and a learner must have lessons. He must not only be taught, but trained. Discipline is 'treatment suited to a disciple, or learner.' It is development, education, culture, correction.

When should the disciple be disciplined? Not till years have passed and the suppleness of youth is lost? Not till habits must be broken in order to be re-formed, and all life has taken its set? Are all students middle-aged or old? Surely not. Youth is the beginning-time for everything, and in its pliant years the disciple must be trained.

It is resistance that makes friction, and in the heat of youthful resentment the impetuous spirit cries out against the training.

'Be willing, and the work is half done.' 'This is the will of God concerning you, even your sanctification.' Who does not wish it too?—'Wait.'

'MESSENGER' ARMENIAN FUND.

Here is one of the brightest little bundles of missionary offerings we have had yet to acknowledge. One manly little fellow writes:—

'I have been collecting for the Armenian Fund. I have collected $5.55 and enclose the same. I am eight years of age and am a subscriber to the 'Messenger.' I hope you will send this as soon as possible. Yours,

Lorne B——.

A father and mother write jointly as follows:—

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will please find Post-office order for five dollars for the Armenian Fund. We have long desired to send something, and the good Lord has opened up the way so that we can help a little. May God bless you in your noble work. Our children have taken the 'Messenger' ever since they could read. Please acknowledge in 'Northern Messenger' relief fund. Yours truly,

Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

Colborne, Aug. 5.

But to give all the letters would take too much room. The following sums have been received since our last issue:—Victoria Epworth League and M. M. S., $15.50; 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me,' $10; For the Armenians, from Marquette, $5; Blackheath W. F. M. S., $3.35; collected by three girls from Tupperville, $3.25; M. W., Canaan, 15c; Reader of the 'Messenger,' 45c.

'MESSENGER' CLUB RATES.

The following are the club rates for the 'Northern Messenger':—

10	copies	to	one address	.....$ 2.25
20	"	"	"	..... 4.40
50	"	"	"	..... 10.50
100	"	"	"	..... 20.00

Single copy, 30c. When addressed to Montreal, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 26c postage must be added for each copy.

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In ordering goods, or in making enquiry concerning anything advertised in this paper, you will oblige the publishers, as well as the advertiser, by stating that you saw the advertisement in the 'Northern Messenger.'

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NORTHERN MESSENGER.

A JOURNALISTIC TRIUMPH.

A Twelve Instead of a Four Page Weekly.

THE CHANGE TO TAKE PLACE NEXT WEEK.

As announced in our prospectus two weeks ago, the next number of the 'Northern Messenger' will inaugurate its great change from a four to a twelve-page weekly. It will be full of the most entrancing stories, and yet the Sunday-school lesson and pictures will not be crowded out. It will be almost an ideal paper, being nearly three times as large as any other Sunday-school paper for the money. If you like the new form try to get it introduced into your Sunday-school. If you like it tell two of your neighbors about it, and so secure your own and their subscriptions for twenty-five cents each, and this not only for one year but for every year, as, if you get them to subscribe with you once they will be sure to do it again.

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